And this word *Loue*, which graybeardes tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchie day for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefulll of his life:
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, and Hastinges, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englandes royall throne,
Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foe-men like to *Autumes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three folde renowmd,
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne:
And two *Northumberlands*; two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* & *Montague*.
That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion,
And made the forrest tremble when they roard:
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seate,
And made our footestoole of securitie.
Come hither *Bess*, and let me kisse my Boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our Armours watcht the Winters night,
Martcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That

That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blast his harvest and your head were layde,
For yet I am not lookt on in the worlde.
This Shouider was ordainde so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe:
Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.
Eaw. *Clarence*, and *Glester*, loue my louely Queene,
And kiss your Princely Nephew, brothers both.
Cla. The duetie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lippes of this sweete Babe.
Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.
Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.
To say the trueth, so *Iudas* kist his Master:
And so he cride, All hailes; and meant all harme.
Edward. Now am I seated as my soule delighres,
Hauing my Countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret?*
Ranard her father to the king of *Fraunce*,
Hath paund the *Cyßils* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
Eaw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *Fraunce*.
And now what restes, but that we spend the time,
With stately triumphes, and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as be fits the pleasures of the Court,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets: farewell to sower annoy,
For here I hope, begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.